

Ambitions "Postscript"

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Subtle institution
Keeping you in check
Silent retribution
Feelings left unsaid

Sentiments discarded
Bridges must be burned
Your sudden disappearance
Follows your concern

Why are you turning away?

Saving reputation
Confidence restored
Meaningless directives
Where is your reward?

Why are you turning away?
Why has it all been erased?

Turn away if there will be no understanding
Turn away if that's the way you really feel
You can make it first
I'd rather make it real

These ashes scattered so you can find reprieve
Four yellowed secrets are your remnants of me.

Postscript

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